

Pal. Lets to the king, who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honour, which
His Enemy come in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health, which were not spent,
Rather laide out for purchase: but alas
Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will
The fall o'th stroke doe damage?

Arct. Let th'event,
That never erring Arbitratour, tell us
When we know all our selves, and let us follow
The becking of our chance.

Exeunt.

Scena 3. Enter Pirithous, Hipolita, Emilia.

Pir. No further.

Hip. Sir fate well; repeat my wishes
To our great Lord, of whose succes I dare not
Make any timerous question, yet I wish him
Exces, and overflow of power, and 't might be
To dure ill-dealing fortune; speede to him,
Store never hurtes good Gouvernours.

Pir. Though I know
His Ocean needes not my poore drops, yet they
Must yeild their tribute there: My precious Maide,
Those best affections, that the heavens infuse
In their best temperd peices, keepe enthroand
In your deare heart.

Emil. Thanckes Sir; Remember me
To our all royall Brother, for whose speede
The great Bellona ile sollicite; and
Since in our terrene State petitions are not
Without giftes understood: Ile offer to her
What I shall be advised she likes; your hearts
Are in his Army, in his Tent.

Hip. In'sbosome:
We have bin Soldiers, and wee cannot weepe
When our Friends don their helmes, or put to sea,
Or tell of Babes broachd on the Launce, or women

That

That have sod their Infants in (a
The brine, they wept at killing,
You stay to see of us such Spinc
Should hold you here for e ver.

Pir. Peace be to you
As I pursue this war, which shall
Beyond further requiring.

Emil. How his longing
Followes his Friend; since his de
Though craving seriousnes, and s
His careles execution, where no
Made him regard, or losse confid
Playing ore busines in his hand,
Directing in his head, his minde,
To these so diffring Twyns; have
Since our great Lord departed?

Hip. With much labour:
And I did love him fort, they tw
In many as dangerous, as poore a
Perill and want contending, they
Torrents whose roing tyranny
Ithleast of these was dreadfull, a
Fought out together, where Dea
Yet fate hath brought them off:
Tide, weau'd, intangled, with so
And with a finger of so deepe a
May be out worne, never undon
Theseus cannot be umpire to him
Cleaving his conscience into twa
Each side like Iustice, which he

Emil. Doubtlesse
There is a best, and reason has no
To say it is not you: I was acqu
Once with a time, when I enjoy
You were at wars, when she the
Who made too proud the Bed,
(which then lookt pale at parti
Was each a eleven.